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FOURTH REGIMENT, N. C. S. T.

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BY COLONEL E. A. OSBORNE.

To write a full and accurate history of this noble body of men would require far more time, ability and space than the present writer can command. But as the honor and distinction of writing a brief sketch has fallen to my lot, I cheerfully and gratefully address myself to the task, feeling at the same time deeply conscious of my unworthiness and inability to handle such a theme. I cannot conceive of a braver, truer, nobler, more devoted and self-denying body of men than was this splendid regiment of North Carolinians. In every position, under the most trying circumstances in which men can be placed, from the camp of instruction to the close of a four years' war-a war that involved more hardships, more persevering courage and fortitude, more self-denial, more devotion, more true manhood and endurance, more love of home, of country and of principle, and more true heroism on the part of the men of the South than has been manifested at least in modern times, these devoted men, ever forgetful of self, and following firmly and steadily in the lead of patriotic duty, without pay, and suffering for the bare necessaries of life most of the time, never flinched nor murmured; but endured with sublime patience and fortitude the hardships of the camp, of the march, of the bivouac, and the many terrible scenes of strife, and blood, and carnage, through which they passed during these four long and terrible years of suffering and trial.

In writing this sketch I must be content to give a mere outline of actual occurrences. The facts simply stated speak for themselves. They need no embellishment to commend their actors to the admiration of all who value and love what is brave and

true and manly. The unvarnished story of these brave and devoted men who gave themselves for the cause they loved furnishes such examples of heroic valor, unselfish devotion and unwavering faithfulness as will be an inspiration and an honor to their countrymen in all future ages.

The Fourth Regiment of North Carolina State Troops was organized at Camp Hill, near Garysburg, N. C., in May, 1861. The field officers at first were:

GEORGE BURGWYN ANDERSON, Colonel.

JOHN AUGUSTUS YOUNG, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BRYAN GRIMES, Major.

Dr. J. K. King, Surgeon.

Dr. B. S. Thomas, Assistant Surgeon.

CAPTAIN JOHN D. HYMAN, Commissary.

CAPTAIN THOMAS H. BLOUNT, Quartermaster.

THOMAS L. PERRY, Adjutant.

REV. WILLIAM A. WOOD, Chaplain.

R. F. Simonton, Commissary Sergeant.

F. A. CARLTON, Sergeant-Major.

ELAM MORRISON, Quartermaster's Sergeant.

The regiment was mustered into the Confederate service in May, 1861.

The following promotions were made to the field and staff officers during the war: John W. Dunham, Major; Bryan Grimes, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel; James H. Wood, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel; A. K. Simonton, Major; J. F. Stancill, Major; Edwin A. Osborne, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel; E. S. Marsh, Major; William S. Barnes, Adjutant; Marcus Hofflin, Commissary; Rev. Robert B. Anderson, Chaplain; John G. Young, Sergeant-major; Dr. J. F. Shaffner, Surgeon; Dr. J. M. Hadley, Assistant Surgeon; Dr. J. W. Guffy, Hospital Steward.

COMPANY OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT AS ORIGINALLY ORGANIZED.

COMPANY A—Iredell County—Captain, A. K. Simonton; First Lieutenant, W. L. Davidson; Second Lieutenant, W. G. Falls; Second Lieutenant, William F. McRorie.

Company B—Rowan County—Captain, James H. Wood; First Lieutenant, A. C. Watson; Second Lieutenant, J. F. Stancill; Second Lieutenant, J. R. Harris.

COMPANY C—Iredell County—Captain, John B. Andrews; First Lieutenant, James Rufus Reid; Second Lieutenant, W. A. Kerr; Second Lieutenant, Joseph C. White.

COMPANY D—Wayne County—Captain, J. B. Whittaker; First Lieutenant, Alexander D. Tumbro; Second Lieutenant, J. J. Bradley; Second Lieutenant, R. B. Potts.

COMPANY E—Beaufort County—Captain, David M. Carter; First Lieutenant, Thomas L. Perry; Second Lieutenant, E. J. Redding; Second Lieutenant, Daniel P. Latham.

COMPANY F—Wilson County—Captain, Jesse S. Barnes; First Lieutenant, J. W. Dunham; Second Lieutenant, P. N. Simms; Second Lieutenant, Thomas E. Thompson.

Company G—Davie County—Captain, William G. Kelley; First Lieutenant, Samuel A. Kelley; Second Lieutenant, Thomas J. Brown; Second Lieutenant, Samuel A. Davis.

Company H—Iredell County—Captain, Edwin Augustus Osborne; First Lieutenant, John Z. Dalton; Second Lieutenant, Hal. H. Weaver; Second Lieutenant, John B. Forcum.

Company I—Beaufort County—Captain, W. T. Marsh; First Lieutenant, L. R. Creekman; Second Lieutenant, Noah B. Tuten; Second Lieutenant, Bryan S. Bonner.

COMPANY K—Rowan County—Captain, F. Y. McNeely; First Lieutenant, W. C. Coughenour; Second Lieutenant, Marcus Hofflin; Second Lieutenant, William Brown.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY A DURING THE WAR—W. L. Davidson to Captain, W. G. Falls to Captain, W. F. McRorie to Captain, W. K. Eliason to First Lieutenant, F. A. Carlton to First Lieutenant, A. S. Fraley to Second Lieutenant, J. Pink

Cowan to Second Lieutenant, T. M. C. Davidson to Second Lieutenant, W. R. McNeely to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company A—E. F. Morrison, W. T. J. Harbin, W. L. Shuford, D. A. Doherty, E. C. Rumple, P. A. Shafer, C. D. Murdock, J. A. Stikeleather.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY B DURING THE WAR—J. F. Stancill to Captain, J. H. Hilliard to Captain, T. C. Watson to Captain, J. W. Shinn to First Lieutenant, Joseph Barber to Second Lieutenant, Isaac A. Cowan to Captain, James P. Burke to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company B—J. W. Phifer, E. F. Barber, B. Knox Kerr, Rufus Mills, M. S. Mc-Kenzie, John Hellers, H. C. Miller, William A. Burkhead, D. W. Steele, B. A. Knox.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY C DURING THE WAR—Claudius S. Alexander to Captain, W. A. Kerr to Captain, G. A. Andrews to Captain, T. W. Stephenson to First Lieutenant, J. C. White to First Lieutenant, J. A. S. Feimster to Second Lieutenant, S. A. Claywell to Second Lieutenant, John C. Turner.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company C—James A. Sommers, J. J. Troutman, S. J. Thomas, A. J. Anderson, J. C. Norton, D. P. Dobbin, Edward May, John C. Turner, A. M. White, J. A. Feimster, F. A. Shuford, R. O. Sinster.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY D DURING THE WAR—Alexander Tumbro to Captain, M. C. Hazelle to Captain, T. G. Lee to Captain, Lovett Lewis to Captain, R. B. Potts to First Lieutenant, J. B. Griswold to Second Lieutenant, Cader Parker to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company D—Robert A. Best, James C. Cotton, M. C. Hazelle, John Holmes, James Brewer, George Casey, J. J. Ellis, R. W. Hodgins, Robert Peel, J. H. Pearsall, J. R. Williams, J. W. Harrison, D. L. Howell, J. R. Tumbro.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY E DURING THE WAR—D. G. Latham to Captain, T. M. Allen to Captain, J. H. Carter to Captain, C. K. Gallagher to Captain, E. L. Redding to Second

Lieutenant, S. J. Litchfield to First Lieutenant, M. T. Williamson to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company E—J. F. Lucas, Joseph Cutler, Joseph Whegget, George Litchfield, S. B. Whitley, T. R. Petterton, C. E. Perry.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY F DURING THE WAR—John W. Dunham to Captain, H. M. Warren to Captain, T. G. Lee to First Lieutenant, T. F. Thompson to Second Lieutenant, S. Y. Parker to Second Lieutenant, W. V. Stevens to Second Lieutenant, T. B. Stith to Second Lieutenant, J. D. Wells to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company F—W. R. Hammell, R. B. Lancaster, W. P. Fitzgerald, J. B. Farmer, J. H. Marshburn, R. H. Watson, W. E. Winstead, W. O. Wootten, J. L. Burton, J. B. Farmer.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY G DURING THE WAR—S. A Kelley to Captain, B. J. Smith to First Lieutenant, D. J. Cain to First Lieutenant, D. G. Smoot to Second Lieutenant, C. A. Guffy to Second Lieutenant, W. B. Jones to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company G—R. D. Brown, B. B. Williams, P. P. Haynes, L. S. Millican, C. A. Guffy.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY H DURING THE WAR—John B. Forcum to Captain, A. M. D. Kennedy to First Lieutenant, Julius A. Summers to First Lieutenant, J. B. Stockton to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers in Company H—J. M. Albea, H. H. James, S. H. Bobbit, I. P. Maiden, H. P. Williams, T. M. Ball, J. A. Holmes, John A. Feimster, Stark Graham, A. L. Summers, John Barnett.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY I DURING THE WAR—Edward S. Marsh to Captain, B. T. Bonner to First Lieutenant, N. B. Tuten to Second Lieutenant, D. C. Styron to Second Lieutenant, C. A. Watson to Second Lieutenant, Edward Tripp to Second Lieutenant, James A. Herrington to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers of Company I—C. C. Archi-

bald, Charles Tripp, Zack B. Caraway, B. B. Ross, R. R. Tuten, Henry L. Clayton, Charles Tripp.

PROMOTIONS IN COMPANY K DURING THE WAR—W. C. Coughenour to Captain, Marcus Hofflin to Captain, Moses L. Bean to Captain, William Brown to Second Lieutenant, Hamilton Long to Second Lieutenant, A. N. Wiseman to Second Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers of Company K—W. C. Fraley, James Bowers, John E. Kenter, John L. Lyerly, James Crawford.

NUMBER OF PRIVATES IN THE FOURTH REGIMENT—Company A, 153; Company B, 109; Company C, 170; Company D, 98; Company E, 172; Company F, 109; Company G, 108; Company H, 246; Company I, 82; Company K, 129. Total, 1,376.

The regiment was ordered to leave camp Hill, near Garysburg, N. C., and proceed to Richmond Va., on the 20th of July, 1861, where we remained until the 29th of July, when we were sent to Manassas Junction, Va., arriving there some days after the bloody engagement which was the first great battle of the war. Here we remained doing post and fatigue duty and drilling during the summer and winter, Colonel Anderson having been assigned to the command of the post.

While at Manassas the men suffered fearfully with sickness, and many valuable young men succumbed to the various forms of disease that assailed us there. There were many other troops there, and almost every hour in the day the funeral dirge could be heard and the firing of the doleful platoon sounded out upon the air almost continually, reminding us that death was busy in

the camp; and almost every train that left the station carried the remains of some soldier boy back to his friends at home. But when the winter came the men regained their health, and having become inured to camp life, and accustomed to taking care of themselves, they were soon in fine spirits. In fact, when we left Manassas Junction on the 8th of March, 1862, they had the appearance and bearing of regular troops, and were in a measure prepared for the terrible ordeals through which they were destined to pass in the course of the next few months. The brigade was now composed of the Forty-ninth Virginia, the Twentyseventh and Twenty-eighth Georgia, and the Fourth North Carolina Regiments, and was under the command of Colonel Anderson, and the regiment in command of Major Grimes, Lieutenant-Colonel Young having been sent to Richmond to attend to business connected with the command. After a march of several days, we went into camp at Clark's Mountain, near Orange Court House and about three miles from the Rapidan River. Here we remained until the 8th of April, when we were ordered to Yorktown. At this place we had our first experience in contact with the enemy—doing picket duty and having some skirmishes with his pickets. We also were subjected to the fire of their gun-boats on the river.

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

On the night of the 4th of May, 1862, Yorktown was evacuated. Major Grimes was now in charge of the picket-line, Lieutenant-Colonel Young in command of the regiment, and Colonel Anderson still in command of the brigade. Major Grimes held the picket-line until the troops had gotten under way, and then, about daylight, he withdrew and joined the regiment about noon. The next day the enemy attacked the Confederate forces at Williamsburg. Our brigade had passed through the town, but upon hearing the firing in the rear, we quickly faced about and marched in the direction of the engagement. The rain was pouring and the streets of the town covered with mud. The doors, yards and balconies were crowded with women and children

wild with excitement, waving handkerchiefs and banners, and urging us on to the conflict. We passed a number of wounded men, some streaming with blood and pale with exhaustion, being borne upon litters or supported by comrades. The excitement and enthusiasm of the mem became intense. The air range with shouts as we pressed forward, eager for the fray. marched directly to the field of battle and were formed in line. The air was alive with the roar of artillery and musketry and the shouts and shrieks of men, some in tones of triumph and others in cries of pain. The balls flew thick around us, and a few of our men were wounded; but we were not actively en-The day was far spent, and the mists of night soon gathered over the field and put an end to the strife. We passed the night on the field, wet and faint with hunger and fatigue. The night was cold; no fires were allowed, and the men suffered greatly. Some would have died if they had not kept in motion by stamping, marking time, or crowding together in groups to keep each other warm.

This was the 5th of May; a day long to be remembered as the first actual experience we had on the field of battle, and witnessed the dire results of war. All night long we could hear the cries and groans of some wounded men in our front, and an occasional shot from the picket-line told of the presence of the foe, which would not permit them to be taken care of.

The next day we resumed the line of march towards Richmond. The roads were muddy from the rains and stirred up by the artillery and baggage trains. The men literally waded almost knee-deep in mud most of the day. Their rations were exhausted, and that night each man received an ear of hard corn for his supper; but not a murmur did I hear. The boys parched their corn and ate it with the best grace they could command, and were glad to rest quietly for the night. The next day we were supplied with rations.

On the 13th of May we came to the Chickahominy River, where we remained until the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES, OR FAIR OAKS.

The day before this bloody engagement was hot and sultry. The regiment was kept under arms all day, and frequently changed its position as if expecting an engagement. About sunset we went into bivouac and were ordered to prepare rations for the next day. The men were stirring until late at night, and then, tired and jaded, they sought repose. But soon a most terrible thunder-storm came down upon us. It seemed as if heaven and earth were being torn to pieces, while the rain came down in torrents upon the men, who were poorly sheltered, some with little fly tents and many with only a single blanket on a pole But towards morning the storm passed away, instead of a tent. leaving the air cool and bracing; and the men slept. The 31st was a lovely May morning, and the sun rose bright and clear. The men were full of life and the woods resounded with their voices and movements. Breakfast was soon dispatched and the order to "fall in" was given.

The regiment was in fine condition. Twenty-five commissioned officers and five hundred and twenty men and non-commissioned officers reported for duty on the morning of the 31st of May, 1862; and as they filed out and moved off toward the battlefield of Seven Pines they presented a splendid picture of manhood, energy and courage. The brigade was still under command of Colonel Anderson, the regiment under Major Grimes, Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Young having been sent home on special duty. Early in the afternoon we were drawn up in front of the enemy's works near the Williamsburg road, under cover of a heavy forest, within one-fourth of a mile of the enemy's batteries and redoubts. A formidable abatis, formed by felling a dense grove of old field pines and cutting the limbs partly off so as to form obstructions to our approach, lay between us and the enemy's works. The ground was also covered with water in many places—from six inches to waist-deep. The Fourth Regiment was to the left of the stage road, the right being near the road, which ran diagonally across our front, crossing the enemy's line a little to the left of the front of the Fourth Regiment. A very heavy redoubt was

in front of us, bristling with artillery supported by a mass of infantry and flanked on either side by extensive earth-works filled with men supported by artillery. We had not been in this position but a few minutes when the enemy opened on us with his artillery. A fearful storm of shot, shell, grape and canister tore through the trees, plowing up the ground on every side and cutting down the branches and saplings around us. Soon the order was passed along the line to move forward. The men sprang to their feet without a word and advanced to the assault. For many rods we made our way through the obstructions above mentioned, under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, which we could not return with any effect on account of the confusion into which we were thrown by the obstructions and the great difficulty of getting over them. Heavy musketry on the right indicated that the battle was raging there with terrible fury. Onward moved our devoted men, until at last the open field was reached within one hundred yards of the enemy's works. The men quickly resumed their places in line of battle and opened fire upon the enemy with such deadly effect as to cause a momentary lull in the storm of deadly missiles that were assailing us. But again the enemy renewed his fire with redoubled fury. Our line moved on to within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy's works. The men were falling rapidly. We halted near a zigzag fence to await support on the right, which had failed to come up. The enemy's fire continued with unabated fury, and it was evident that the regiment could not remain there without being utterly destroyed. The writer of this narrative looked around for a field officer. Major Grimes was near, sitting calmly on his iron-gray horse, with one leg thrown over the saddle bow, as afterwards so often seen on the battlefield. I seized his leg to attract his attention. He leaned toward me with his ear near my face to hear what I had to say. "Major," I shouted, "we can't stand this. Let us charge the works." "All right," said the Major, "Charge them! Charge them!" I rushed back to the front of my company, leaped over the fence, and waved them forward with hat and sword. My company, H, rushed forward,

and the whole regiment instinctively moved with them, yelling and firing as they advanced. In front of our left was a field battery which was instantly silenced, also the heavy battery in front of our centre and right. On we rushed with such impetuosity and determination that the enemy abandoned everything and retired. We captured the works and six pieces of artillery. But again we had to halt to await necessary support on the right and left. The writer of this sketch was wounded at this point within a few rods of the breastworks. After the works were captured in the first assault the line retired to the fence from which we had made the charge, to await re-inforcements, which arrived in a few minutes, when the whole line advanced and drove the enemy entirely away.

When the second charge was ordered the regiment passed over the same ground over which they had charged but a little while before. It was appalling to see how much the line had been reduced in numbers. The heavy, compact, orderly line of half an hour previous was now scarcely more than a line of 'skirmishers, but they moved with the same boldness and determination as before. The ground was literally covered with the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades, yet they moved steadily forward, directing their fire with telling effect until within a few paces of the fortifications, when the enemy again retired from his works.

Of the twenty-five commissioned officers and six hundred and fifty-three men and non-commissioned officers every officer except Major Grimes was killed, wounded or disabled, while of the men seventy-four were killed and two hundred and sixty-five were wounded. Major Grimes had a horse killed under him in the charge. His foot was caught under the horse, and it was with much difficulty that he was extricated from his helpless condition. While on the ground and unable to rise, he waved his sword and shouted: "Go on, boys! Go on!" Upon regaining his feet he saw that his color-bearer, James Bonner, of Company K, was killed, when he seized the flag himself and rushed forward, waving his men on to the charge. After the works were captured John A. Stike-

leather, of Company A, asked to be allowed to carry the flag; and from that day to the close of the war, except when necessarily absent for a short time, he bravely bore the regimental colors.

A few minutes after the enemy was driven from his works he began to rally in rear of his tents. Major Grimes ordered his regiment into a piece of woodland near by, and opened fire upon him. In moving at double-quick across the open field, to seek the cover of the woods, he discovered that the enemy was throwing up breastworks on his right. He charged, driving him away and taking a number of prisoners. The night was spent upon the field. The men being worn out, were glad to stretch themselves upon the ground and rest, surrounded, as they were, by dead and wounded men and animals, while the air was filled with cries and groans of the wounded and dying.

The conduct of the officers and men in this notable conflict was splendid beyond description. Their coolness and deliberation in making their way through the abatis, under the most galling fire at short range; the firmness and calmness with which they reformed their weakened and disordered line and awaited orders in the open field within seventy-five yards of the enemy's works, under the same awful and destructive fire; the coolness and precision with which they delivered their fire under all these trying conditions; the irresistible firmness and determination with which they made that wonderful and heroic charge in the very jaws of death; the calmness and sullenness with which they retired when the danger of being flanked was apparent, and the grim and unwavering determination with which they returned to the second charge and continued to fight, all displayed a spirit of courage and manliness worthy of any men the world has ever produced. It would be a privilege to record the list of the gallant men who fell in this fight, but time and space forbids. Their names may not be known to history or to fame, but their comrades knew them and loved them. We believe the world is better and humanity is honored and ennobled by the lives of such men, and that both are the poorer by their untimely loss.

The figures in regard to the number of the men engaged and of those killed and disabled are taken from Colonel G. B. Anderson's official report of the battle. In all this carnage these heroic men never for an instant wavered or showed the slightest trepidation. It was as if some superhuman spirit had been infused into them, and nothing but death itself The writer shall never forget his feelings could stop them. as he lay upon that bloody field wounded and helpless, and saw those brave men pressing on in the face of that deathdealing fire. On they went, their ranks growing thinner and thinner, until within a few paces of the enemy's works, behind which masses of bayonets were gleaming. Surely they will all be made prisoners. But no. The forest of gleaming steel begins to waver, and then to move away in confusion; and the works are ours! Three color-bearers were among the killed, and Major Grimes then took the flag and carried it through the remainder of the fight.

It may be proper to say a word in regard to the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Young from the regiment at this battle and thereafter. He had been for some time before the war, and at its beginning, a manufacturer of woolen cloth; and had been sent home to procure clothing for the men of the regiment, which he abundantly supplied. Colonel Young was also afflicted with a distressing and incurable disease, which rendered him unfit for active military service. This was a great sorrow to him, as he was a devoted patriot and naturally of a military spirit. But being assured that he could serve his country more effectually at home than in the army, he at the earnest request of Governor Vance, as well as of friends in the army and at home, resigned his commission and devoted himself to manufacturing clothing for the soldiers. This he did at much pecuniary sacrifice to himself, insomuch that the close of the war found him almost a bankrupt in estate. He devoted himself specially to supplying the wants of the Fourth Regiment, at one time supplying every member in the regiment with a uniform and cap at his own individual cost, and his enterprise, industry and munificence contributed greatly to the comfort and welfare of North Carolina soldiers generally.

After the battle of Seven Pines, until the 26th of June, we were mainly occupied in resting, drilling and recruiting the regiment.

THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

On the 26th of June we crossed the Chickahominy River and joined the troops about to engage in the battle of Mechanicsville. Soon the regiment was under heavy fire, which lasted for several hours, in that most trying of all positions, supporting other troops who were actively engaged in battle. There was a battery in front of us doing great damage to our troops. General D. H. Hill ordered Major Grimes to charge this battery with his regiment, the Fourth. Major Grimes informed him that he had only a mere skeleton of a regiment, and that the attempt would be futile, as there were not more than one hundred and fifty men and officers for duty. The General then ordered him to hold himself in readiness to make the charge in case others who had been ordered forward should fail to take the battery. The charge was made by the other troops and the enemy driven, away. We then resumed our position on the right of the brigade.

COLD HARBOR.

For some time the enemy seemed to be retiring before us. After a great deal of marching and manoeuvering, we came within sight of the retreating foe. The men raised a shout and set out at double-quick in pursuit. Major Grimes took the flag and rode forward, leading the charge, the men following in good order. Suddenly a volley from the enemy's guns admonished us that there was serious work at hand. Hitherto we had been moving in column. Line of battle was quickly formed. The brigade recoiled for a moment, but soon recovered, and stood their ground like men. The firing of musketry in our front was very heavy and incessant. We were ordered to change our position to a piece of woodland on the left, where we remained

for some time, while the battle raged with fury in our front and on our right. We were then ordered forward in line of battle across an open field, after crossing which we passed through a piece of woods, when suddenly we encountered a line of battle concealed in the underwood in front of us. They opened fire on us. Our line halted and poured a volley into their ranks. Volley after volley followed as our men steadily advanced. Soon the enemy gave way. We now had a little time to rest and reform our line. Soon we heard heavy firing in front and to the right, when it was discovered that some of our troops were pressing down upon the enemy's left. In front of us was an open field with a ridge extending across parallel with our line, towards which we advanced. On reaching the top of the ridge the enemy was seen lying in an old road, seeking shelter behind its banks and other objects that afforded him protection. The order was given to charge, and the men responded with a shout, rushing across the field in the face of a furious fire. The scene was terrific beyond description. The yells of our men, the roar of musketry, the thunder of artillery, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, the screaming of shells, with the loud commands of the officers, all combined to excite and stimulate the men, who rushed across the field, closing up their ranks as their comrades fell, cut down by the enemy's fire, who held their ground stubbornly until we were almost near enough to cross bayonets with him, when he gave way and fled in confusion. It was now night, and the men, exhausted with the terrible efforts of the day, were glad to unroll their blankets and rest upon the ground.

Such was the part borne by the Fourth Regiment in the battle of Cold Harbor. We lost heavily in proportion to our numbers. Of one hundred and fifty men eight were killed and fifty wounded. Among the wounded was the brave and faithful soldier, Captain John B. Andrews, who died afterwards from his wounds. Colonel Grimes had a horse killed under him, and led his men on foot until another was captured, which he rode the balance of the day. John A. Stikeleather, our color-bearer, acted with such coolness and bravery as to elicit the public commendation of the

regimental commander. Many instances of individual bravery might be mentioned if time and space would permit. Among the killed in this battle was the brave and gallant Captain Blount, who, though Quartermaster of the regiment, and not bound to go into danger, was acting as volunteer aid to General Anderson that day, and was shot while carrying the flag of one of the regiments.

Major Grimes was made Colonel of the regiment, Captain Carter Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain James H. Wood, Major. Colonel Carter's wound disabled him to such an extent that he was retired to light duty, and Major Wood was made Lieutenant-Colonel in his place and Captain Osborne promoted to Major. Lieutenant-Colonel Wood's wound was also of a very stubborn character, and rendered it necessary for him to be put upon light duty for many months.

The regiment participated in other movements of the army around Richmond, engaging in various skirmishes during the memorable campaign of the seven days' fight. Together with the Fifth North Carolina Regiment it was detailed to bury the dead and both thus escaped the disastrous assault at Malvern Hill on the 2d of July. The brigade was reorganized so as to consist of the Second, Fourteenth, Thirtieth and Fourth North Carolina Regiments, and with the rest of Lee's army moved into Maryland, passing over the battlefield known as Second Manassas, crossing the Potomac near Leesburg. We encamped near Frederick City, and thence, crossing the Blue Ridge, encamped near Boonsboro.

BOONSBORO.

On the 14th of September we took part in what is known as the battle of Boonsboro, or South Mountain. We had marched a few miles beyond the mountain pass, where we spent the night of the 13th of September in camp. Early on the morning of the 14th we were ordered back to the pass at double-quick. Soon we heard cannonading and musketry, indicating that a battle was in progress. When we reached the

summit of the mountain we found the enemy in heavy force pressing our men. The brigade under General Anderson was divided, he taking the Fourteenth and Thirtieth North Carolina Regiments to the left, or north of the pass, and directing Colonel Tew to take the Second and Fourth to the south of the road, or to the right, facing Frederick City. Filing some half mile to the right, we formed line of battle and moved in the direction of the firing; but when we approached the scene of action the firing ceased, and we found that the enemy had been repulsed by General Garland's Brigade, but at the cost of the life of that gallant and faithful soldier, whose lifeless form was borne past us before we reached the scene of action. We then took position on the brow of the ridge. While in this position the writer heard firing in front of our line, and started to make a reconnaissance to ascertain the cause. He cautiously crossed the stone fence behind which we lay and started to follow a wooden fence joining it at a right angle, when a shower of bullets clattered against the stone fence, admonishing him that his movements were being closely observed by deadly foes. He quickly sought shelter behind the wall from which he had ventured, satisfied with his advanture, and thankful to escape unhurt. The regiment was then ordered to make a reconnaissance to the front and right, through the woods. Company H, under command of Captain Osborne, was deployed as skirmishers, with instructions to move slowly and silently through the thick forest and dense underwood in front of the regiment. Our progress was necessarily very slow, as the woods were very dense and the ground very rugged and moun-We moved toward the south and swung around gradually toward the east, marching about three-fourths of a mile, when we discovered a heavy force of the enemy in a field on the crest of the ridge, with a battery of field artillery. I at once reported this fact to General Anderson, who had now come up with the regiment, and quickly returned to the front, and was surprised to find the whole force of the enemy moving down upon us in line of battle. They opened upon us a heavy fire. Our men received them firmly, returning their fire with spirit.

had the advantage of shelter in the dense woods, while the enemy was in the open field, and must have suffered severely; but soon night drew on and put a stop to the engagement. We then returned to the road from whence we had started early in the afternoon. Thus ended one of the most trying and, in some respects, one of the most splendid days of the war. General D. H. Hill had with the small force of about five or six thousand men baffled and held in check all day long a force of probably ten times as many men, and enabled General Lee to get his forces together at Sharpsburg. The men bore themselves with much coolness and courage throughout the entire day. Our loss in killed and wounded was small, but among them some of our best men. At night the army was withdrawn and moved to the vicinity of Sharpsburg, where we arrived at 11 o'clock on the 15th and remained in line of battle most of the time until the morning of the 17th. The regiment was now under command of Captain W. T. Marsh, Colonel Grimes having been compelled to retire from the field on account of an injury received on the morning of the 14th at Boonsboro.

SHARPSBURG, OR ANTIETAM.

Wednesday, the 17th of September, 1862, was a day that will go down in history as having witnessed one of the great battles of the war. Anderson's Brigade had been on the right of the division from the 14th until the morning of the 17th, when it was moved to the old road, afterwards known as the "Bloody Lane." The Fourth Regiment was commanded by Captain Marsh, the Second by Colonel Tew, the Thirtieth by Colonel Parker, the Fourteenth by Colonel Bennett, the brigade by General George B. Anderson, General D. H. Hill having command of the division. The Thirtieth was on the right of the brigade, the Fourth next, then the Fourteenth, and the Second was on the left. About an hour after sunrise the enemy came in sight and began the attack at once. Anderson's Brigade was partially protected by the bank of the old road above mentioned, which ran parallel with the line of battle in rear of the crest of

a ridge which concealed our men from the enemy's sight until they were within seventy-five or eighty yards of us.

About nine o'clock the enemy's line of battle appeared, moving in magnificent style, with mounted officers in full uniform, swords gleaming, banners, plumes and sashes waving, and bayonets glistening in the sun. On they came with steady tramp and confident mien. They did not see our single line of hungry, jaded and dusty men, who were lying down, until within good musket shot, when we rose and delivered our fire with terrible effect. Instantly the air was filled with the cries of wounded and dying and the shouts of brave officers, trying to hold and encourage their men, who recoiled at the awful and stunning shock so unexpectedly received. Soon they rallied and advanced again; this time more cautiously than before. Our men held their fire until they were within good range again, and again they rose to their feet and mowed them down, so that they were compelled to retire a second time; but they rallied and came again, and the battle now became general all along the line. The roar of musketry was incessant and the booming of cannon almost without intermission. Occasionally the shouts of men could be heard above the awful din, indicating a charge or some advantage gained by one side or the other. Horses without riders were rushing across the field, occasionally a section of artillery could be seen flying from one point to another, seeking shelter from some murderous assault, or securing a more commanding position. Soon Captain Marsh was mortally wounded and borne from the field. The command of the regiment then devolved upon Captain Osborne, who in turn was wounded and borne from the field. One by one the other company officers fell, either killed or wounded, until Second Lieutenant Weaver, of Company H, was in command of the handful of men who were left, and then he was killed bearing the colors of the regiment in his hand. The regiment was left without a commissioned officer; but the men needed none, except for general purposes. There were not more than one hundred and fifty men for duty, every one of whom seemed to realize his own value, and to act

with that cool and determined courage which showed that he understood the emergency, and was determined to do his best. All day long the battle raged with almost unabated fury and with varying results, sometimes one side gaining the advantage and then the other.

As the day wore away the contest seemed to gather new force. The enemy renewed their efforts to gain what they had failed to achieve during the day, while the Confederates were equally determined to defeat their aims. The flower of the two great armies had met in open field, and neither was willing to leave the other in possession. The Northern troops displayed wonderful courage and obstinancy during the entire day, while our men held their ground with equal courage and determination. General Anderson and Colonel Parker were wounded. Colonel Tew was killed, and Colonel Bennett had command of the brigade. The men of different regiments became mixed with each other so that all distinct organization of regiments was broken up, and all identity lost-still the men maintained their positions in line, and fought like heroes. General Hill was with his men all day long, encouraging and cheering them by his presence and by his cool and fearless bearing. On two occasions the enemy approached to within about thirty yards of our line, but each time they were forced to retire.

Late in the day the enemy forced his way beyond the right of the brigade, and Colonel Bennett found it necessary to retire from the "Bloody Lane." This he did in good order, and in doing so passed within sixty yards of the right flank of the enemy's line; but they were so hotly engaged with one of our lines in front that they did not observe the Colonel's movement until he had extricated his men from their dangerous position, and passed some distance to the enemy's front and left. Finding a piece of artillery which had been abandoned, the Colonel manned it and opened fire upon the enemy's line. Captains Harney and Beall with Sergeant P. D. Weaver, all of the Fourteenth, were the men who manned the gun. In this movement the Fourth Regiment lost a number of men from companies I and K, on

the left, who were taken prisoners: being separated from the right by a little hillock, they did not know the retreat had taken place until they were in the hands of the enemy. This new position was held during the rest of the day. The command remained on the field until night, when the battle ended. They then bivouacked in a grove near by.

The next day the brigade was commanded by Major Collins, Colonel Bennett having been disabled. The Fourth Regiment was commanded by Orderly Sergeant Thomas W. Stephenson, of Company C. General Hill had the brigade formed, and made a little speech to them, calling them "the faithful few," warmly commending their courage and fortitude during the fearful conflict of the day before.

In this battle General George B. Anderson, who commanded the brigade, was wounded. His wound proved fatal, and the Confederacy lost one of its noblest defenders. He was the first Colonel of the Fourth Regiment. The writer of this sketch knew him well and loved him much. He was a perfect specimen of a man in every way. A graduate of West Point, a devoted Churchman, a pure and chivalrous gentleman, as modest and chaste as a woman, as brave and daring as a man could be. His was a very great loss.

The 18th day of September was spent near the hard fought field of the day before, in constant expectation of another engagement, while details were occupied in burying the dead and caring for the wounded; our own wounded being sent across the river to the Virginia side. At night all remaining baggage and troops crossed over; the writer of this narrative being left at the house of Mrs. Boteler, in Shepherdstown, Va., where he lay for six weeks in a most helpless and precarious condition from the wound received on the 17th, and where he received every attention that human kindness could provide on the part of the members of the family, and also from Mr. Darnell, a faithful nurse detailed from the hospital, to whom he is indebted for his life. He would also mention with gratitude, his faithful negro servant, Gus, who remained with him during the time in spite of the

efforts that were made to induce him to go away with the Northern troops, who held the town where we were.

On the 20th of September the regiment took part in the attack that was made on the Northern troops who had crossed the river near the town. This engagement proved disastrous to the enemy, many of them being killed, and many drowned in the river as they retreated across. Afterward the command was removed to the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, where it spent the winter doing picket duty and recruiting its numbers. The writer having been captured while wounded, in Shepherdstown, was not exchanged until after the battle of Fredericksburg.

FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 13th of December our brigade was placed in position to support the artillery, preparatory to the battle of Fredericks-burg, which took place on the 15th. We were held in reserve until after the enemy had made the first charge, when the brigade was moved forward and took the front line, which it held the remainder of the day. Our loss in this engagement was but trifling, as we were protected by breastworks most of the time. Immediately after the battle of Fredericksburg we went into winter quarters on the south bank of the Rapidan River, where we remained for the balance of the winter.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

On the 1st of May, 1863, the enemy bagan to make demonstrations indicating a purpose of beginning the campaign. We now began that grand movement which, but for the untimely wounding of General Jackson, would have resulted in the entire destruction of Hooker's army. The brigade was commanded by the brave and gallant Ramseur, who displayed remarkable courage and skill in managing it during this campaign, and as long as he continued in command. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Grimes. After much skirmishing, and then a long and circuitous route, we found ourselves on the extreme right of

Hooker's army. This was the 2d of May. Though late in the afternoon, and the troops much fatigued, line of battle was formed, and the attack begun. We struck the enemy squarely on the flank, and everything gave way before us until night put a stop to our advance. Many prisoners and much baggage and stores were captured. We slept on the field that night, and on the 3d of May was fought the battle of Chancellorsville.

The left of the Fourth Regiment was near the great road which ran in rear of the enemy's works and nearly parallel with them, our line of battle extending to the right of this road at right angles with it. At daylight the battle began, Jackson's Corps, now under Stuart, attacking the enemy's right, while other troops engaged their front. Ramseur's Brigade was formed in the rear of Paxton's brigade that held a line of breastworks which we had captured the day before. This brigade was ordered to advance and charge the enemy in front, but they failed to comply with the order, whereupon General Ramseur, who was present, and heard the command, offered to make the charge. The order was then given in the presence of Colonel Grimes, when they both harried back to the brigade and ordered the men forward. When the breastworks were reached the men who occupied them were lying down, our men passing literally over them and across the works, formed line of battle in front of the enemy, in the face of a destructive fire. The command "Double-quick" was given, when the Fourth Regiment, under Colonel Grimes, and part of the Second, under Colonel Cox, moved forward and drove the enemy from their works. There were several batteries on the hill in front, but when the infantry left the works the artillery was quickly abandoned. These batteries had done terrible havoc among our troops as they approached the enemy's lines. Several efforts were made by the enemy to recover their works, but they were driven back each time with heavy loss. Afterwards they extended their lines and came down upon our right flank, threatening to cut off our retreat, when we were compelled to fall back and rejoin the other part of the brigade, which still occupied the line from which the charge had been made.

Colonel Grimes received a severe contusion in this part of the engagement, and when he reached the breastworks referred to he fell fainting to the ground. He soon revived and was ready for action again. Meanwhile General Rodes came up and ordered the troops, who had refused to charge, to move forward, when the whole line, thus re-inforced, returned and captured the entire line of works. Our loss was very severe. Forty-six officers and men were killed outright, fifty-seven wounded, and fifty-eight captured, out of three hundred and twenty-seven officers and men who went into the engagement.

General Cox, in his address on the "Life and Character of General Ramscur," gives a copy of a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance, in which he speaks in terms of high praise of the conduct of Ramseur and his brigade in this engagement, and states that General Jackson had sent him a message to the same effect, after he was wounded, in reference to his conduct the day before. General Ramseur in his official report says:

"The charge of the brigade, made at a critical moment, when the enemy, had broken and was hotly pressing the centre of the line in front with apparently overwhelming numbers, not only checked his advance, but threw him back in disorder and pursued him with heavy loss from his last line of works. Too high praise cannot be accredited to officers and men for their gallantry, manly courage and fortitude during this brief but arduous campaign.

"The advance of, the line on Friday was made under the eyes of our departed hero (Jackson) and of General A. P. Hill, whose words of commendation and praise bestowed on the field we fondly cherish. And on Sunday the magnificent charge of the brigade upon the enemy's last and most terrible stronghold was made in view of General Stuart and General Rodes, whose testimony that it was the most glorious charge of that most glorious day, we are proud to remember and report to our kindred and friends. All met the enemy with unflinching courage; and for privation, hardships and splendid marches, all of which were

cheerfully borne, they deserve the praise of our beautiful and glorious Confederacy."

The victory was complete, and we were left in undisputed possession of the field. Nothing could surpass the dashing skill and courage of the brilliant and accomplished Ramseur on this occasion, and the day before, while the intrepid Grimes shone with magnificent splendor by his side. They were like two lion-hearted brothers, while the gallant Cox, heroic Parker and the brave and sturdy Bennett, always in the thickest of the fight, and where duty called, constituted a galaxy that any country might well be proud to own. It was a dearly bought victory—many of our best young men laid down their lives that day. After a few weeks' rest and recuperation the command was again on the move.

BRANDY STATION.

On the 9th of June we supported the Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station. Though under fire, we were not actively engaged. We then went to the Valley and assisted in driving the enemy from Berryville and Martinsburg, and on the 15th of June crossed into Maryland with Lee's army and participated in the Gettysburg campaign. The conduct of the men on this march through the enemy's country was orderly and gentlemanly in the highest degree. There was no straggling, no disorder and no plundering. The only disturbance of the property of the country the writer saw was the men helping themselves to the splendid supplies of cherries that grew along the lanes through which we passed.

GETTYSBURG.

On the 1st of July, 1863, we moved off about sunrise toward Gettysburg. About 3 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the scene of action. The battle had begun, as was apparent from the roar of artillery and musketry in our front and to the right. The Fourth Regiment was on the left of the brigade, under Colonel Grimes. We were ordered forward in advance of the main line

of battle. We had only moved a few paces when our direction was changed by the right flank. Marching a few hundred yards, we were recalled by General Rodes and formed on a hill, in connection with the Second Regiment, to repel an attack that was threatened from that quarter. In a few minutes a brigade of Federals appeared in our front, moving obliquely to the left instead of advancing towards us. General Rodes then ordered the Second and Fourth Regiments to advance upon them. Soon we were exposed to a severe fire, enfilading our lines from the woods on the right, which caused Colonel Grimes to change front to the right. We then advanced upon the enemy, and being joined by the other two regiments of the brigade, we drove them before us in much confusion, capturing a large number of prisoners. We were the first to enter the town of Gettysburg, and halted to rest on the road leading out toward the west. Here we remained until night, when we were ordered to make a night attack; but after approaching within a short distance of the enemy's lines the order was countermanded, and we returned to the position first occupied. On the 3d of July we were under heavy firing from the enemy's guns, but only a few men were hurt, as we were protected by a ridge. We lost some valuable men in this battle, among whom was Lieutenant John Stockton, of Company H. He was a brave, modest, conscientious, Christian soldier, just in the beginning of his manhood. The regiment behaved splendidly in this battle. In fact, the men had become so much accustomed to marching and fighting that we never thought of their doing otherwise.

On the 5th of July, Ewell's Corps began the retreat from Gettysburg, and the regiment formed part of the rearguard of the army, which position it occupied until the army recrossed the Potomac at or near Hagerstown. The men bore the hardships and privations of this most trying campaign with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude. After crossing the Potomac into Virginia, we went to Orange Court House, where we remained doing picket duty until about the middle of November, when we went into winter quarters some eight miles from that town,

and spent the winter doing picket duty on the Rappahannock, participating in the skirmish at Kelley's Ford, and also at Mine Run.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

On the 5th of May, 1864, General Grant began his movement toward Richmond, having crossed the Rapidan with more than a hundred thousand men. From that day until the close of the campaign the regiment was actively engaged almost every day. On the 8th of May two companies of the regiment were detailed to strengthen the line of sharp-shooters commanded by Major Osborne, now numbering, so re-inforced, some three hundred men. After manoeuvering for some time with the enemy, General Ramseur rode to the front and ordered a charge. The men moved off in a double-quick, crossing a field some two hundred and fifty yards wide, and driving the enemy's skirmishers before us. We encountered a line of battle on the top of the ridge. With a shout, the men pushed forward, and the enemy's line gave way, leaving their baggage in heaps where they had piled it preparatory to an engagement.

On the 9th of May we had a sharp encounter with the enemy in force. After some twenty minutes fighting, we advanced upon them, when they retired. On the 10th and 11th our sharpshooters were actively engaged, day and night, and the regiment kept in line of battle most of the time. On the evening of the 11th an attack was made upon our right, breaking the line. General Battle's (Alabama) Brigade rushed in and supported the line that had been driven back, and with the aid of our brigade, which charged the enemy's right flank, they were driven back and the line was restored after a most stubborn and determined resistance on the part of the foe. On the morning of the 12th of May the enemy made a furious assault upon General Edward Johnston's line, half a mile to our right, breaking the line and capturing many men. Rodes' Division was ordered to retrieve the loss. The fate of the army was at stake. Ramseur, with his brigade, led the charge, and in the face of the most murderous fire drove back the foe and restored the broken line. Ramseur

was wounded in this charge when near the retaken works. Colonel Grimes took command of the brigade for the remainder of that day and for some days after. Lieutenant-Colonel Wood was now in command of the regiment, and continued in command until his death. He was a most faithful, brave and conscientious Christian soldier; a lovely gentleman and skillful officer. The broken line was retaken after a most fearful encounter, and held until after 2 o'clock at night, during which time we repelled more than twenty distinct and desperate attempts of the enemy to retake the works we had recaptured in the morning.

Speaking of the battle of the 12th of May, an army correspondent of the London Herald says:

"Ramseur's Brigade of North Carolina Troops being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade was told terribly by the rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there for a time, that the fire of friends and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped thick and fast, but he continued with glorious constancy to gain ground, foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of handto-hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trial, driven back, but not defeated. They bounded on the opposite side of the earth-works, placing them in their front, and renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defenses; and though they crouched close to the slopes under an enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, driven the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until May the 12th, had never yielded to a foe—'The Stonewall.'"

Ramseur, though suffering much from the wound in his hand, would not leave the field until the fight was over, and soon

afterwards resumed the command of his brigade with his arm in a sling.

This was one of the most splendid achievements of the war, and was accomplished in magnificent style. Ramseur, on his fiery steed, looked like an angel of war. Grimes, too, was on his horse, the very picture of coolness, grim determination and undaunted courage, while Wood and the other officers and men moved into the horrible conflict like men of iron and steel. The enemy, flushed with their temporary success, stood their ground with persistent and stubborn firmness, and poured into our ranks a destructive fire. But onward moved our lion-hearted men. closing up their rapidly thinning ranks, and pouring a continuous storm of leaden hail into the enemy's ranks, as he slowly, but stubbornly retired, until he reached the line of works, as described above, from which he was driven almost at the very point of the bayonet. The pits at the breastworks were filled with water from recent rains; many dead and wounded from both sides were lying in the pits when we reached them. water was red with human gore. The bodies of the dead were dragged out, and the men took shelter in their places, which they held for the balance of the day. The writer received a painful contusion from a ball that passed through a heavy canteen of water which he carried, and which no doubt saved his life. After recovering from the temporary shock, he resumed his place in line of battle, where he remained the rest of the day. After the battle General Rodes thanked the brigade in person, saying they deserved the thanks of the country, and that they had saved Ewell's Corps. General Early also made a similar statement in regard to this occasion. Our loss included some of the best of our brave and well tried men. Among the number was Captain William McRorie, of Company A, as brave and gallant a youth as ever drew a sword. About 2 o'clock in the morning we changed our position to one more advantageous, which we held until the 19th of May. The position occupied by the brigade was just to the left of "the bloody angle," the right of the Fourth Regiment extending to within a few rods of the

angle, where the trees were literally cut down by minie-balls from the enemy's guns. This was one of the most prolonged and stubbornly contested engagements of the war. It began about halfpast five in the morning and lasted until near two o'clock the next morning, and the enemy made very many assaults upon the lines during the time, but without avail.

On the 19th of May we made a flank movement upon the left of Grant's army, which resulted in a heavy engagement. Here we met the enemy in the open field, without breastworks on either side. Both sides were determined to do their best, and displayed the most undaunted courage. Night put an end to the engagement, and the next morning found both armies some distance from the scene of the engagement. Our loss was sixty-five men killed and wounded. Among the former was the brave and gallant Christian soldier, Augustus Byers, and among the latter the writer of this narrative.

In speaking of this engagement of the 19th of May, General Grimes in his notes says: "Two of the 'Old Guard' killed—Gus Byers and Taylor. The old Fourth lost sixty-five killed and wounded." The regiment was under the command of Colonel Wood, and acted with its usual courage and firmness under a very trying ordeal, being at one time completely flanked by the enemy; but by a skillful movement we changed front to the left and met the foe in good order. This was an open field engagement, and both sides deported themselves with much courage and determination. After this the command was kept continually on the move until the army reached the vicinity of Richmond; in fact, for the rest of the summer and fall.

On the 22d of May we reached Hanover Junction, after much manoeuvering and skirmishing, the enemy endeavoring to flank us. On the 25th a severe fight came off, and again on the 30th, in both of which the enemy was repulsed. Our loss in these engagements was small. Again on the 3d of June a fierce and bloody engagement occurred, in which the enemy again retired. This was one of the bloodiest fights of the campaign, and the enemy's loss was very heavy.

On the 13th of June the division moved in the direction of South Anna River to meet the reported advance of General Hunter. General Grimes was now in command of the division, in the absence of General Rodes.

On the 4th of July Harper's Ferry was captured with considerable stores and a number of prisoners. This was a gala day for the Confederates. The enemy had prepared a sumptuous feast, and was celebrating the day, when our men made the attack, drove him out of the town, and captured everything just as he was about to begin the feast. Of course our hungry and thirsty men enjoyed the booty to the fullest extent.

On the 6th of July the command crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Va., and on the 7th passed through Fredrick City, going towards Washington City, meeting with slight resistance from the few troops who were left there. At the Monocacy River we encountered General Wallace, who had been sent to intercept and resist our advance. His troops occupied the east bank of the river, but his skirmishers were on the west side. These were driven back, and after a short engagement the whole Federal force gave way, leaving the field, with their dead and wounded, in our hands, with five or six hundred prisoners. The Federals fought well, and our loss was severe; but the troops were in good spirits. The command moved on to Rockville on the 10th, and on the 11th reached Eleventh Street Pike, which leads into the City of Washington, and advanced to the neighborhood of Fort Stephens. After two or three days we began the retreat for Virginia, during which there were frequent skirmishes but no important engagements. The command recrossed the Potomac at Leesburg, crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap and the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ford.

SNICKER'S GAP.

On the 18th of July the regiment participated in a fierce and bloody encounter with the enemy near Snicker's Gap. Several brigades of Federal troops had crossed to the south side of the Shenandoah, leaving a considerable force on the north bank as a support and a cover for their movements. This force could not be reached by our men, but kept up an annoying fire upon us while we engaged the force on the south side of the river. Here occurred one of the most exciting scenes of the war. The enemy pursuing Ewell, had crossed to the south side of the river. Our men hurried back to meet them, and when they came in sight the enemy had formed line of battle parallel with and on the south side of the river. Our men were in line of battle on the ridge several hundred yards to the south. About half way between the two lines, in the valley, was a stone fence. As soon as this was seen our men made a dash for it. The Federals seeing this, and knowing the value of such a defence, made a dash for it at the same time. Away went both lines of battle at full speed as fast as their feet could carry them, scarcely taking time to fire a single shot, both lines running for dear life to gain this coveted prize. But our men had the advantage of down grade, and gained the wall, while the enemy was some fifty or more yards away, and in much disorder. He instantly faced about when he saw that our men would reach the wall first, and beat a hasty retreat, making for the ford at which he had crossed. opened fire upon him and he suffered heavily, leaving many of his men and three regimental flags on the field. brigade charged the enemy and drove him in and across the river, capturing many prisoners.

Among the soldiers who fell that day was the brave and gallant Colonel James H. Wood, who was in command of the regiment at the time he fell. No better man died during the war than this splendid soldier. He was a Christian gentlemen, a young man of much promise, and a model soldier; brave, gallant and faithful. He died at the post of duty, giving his life a willing sacrifice for the cause of liberty, which he loved more than life itself. At this engagement also fell Colonel W. A. Owens, of the Fiftythird (N. C.) Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Stallings, of the Second (N. C.) Regiment. All of these brave and gallant men were much beloved in the army and at home, and in their deaths the cause lost three of its most splendid men.

After this fight the enemy's sharp-shooters annoyed our men very much with their long-range rifles, firing from the tree-tops. A man of the Fourth Regiment, whose name I have not been able to learn, discovered one of these sharp-shooters in the top of a tree. He ran from tree to tree until within range of his own gun, and brought him down the first shot. The enemy's men ran out and fired upon this daring Confederate, while our men rushed to his rescue; but they could not save him—he fell pierced with bullets. There was no more firing from the trees at that place.

The command of the regiment now devolved upon Captain S. A. Kelly, of Company G, who continued in command until wounded and captured at the battle of Winchester, when Major Stansill was put in command, which he retained until the month of March, when he gave it up on account of a wound, and Captain Forcum commanded it until the surrender. The brigade, under command of General William R. Cox, was kept constantly on the move in the neighborhood of Berryville, Newtown, Middletown, Strasburg, Kearnstown and Bunker Hill, sometimes tearing up the railroad track; again skirmishing with the enemy, and then resting for a few days, awaiting orders; at one time crossing the Potomac and going as far as Hagerstown, Md.; then returning rapidly to Bunker Hill, and from there to Winchester; and then again to Strasburg and Harper's Ferry. The health and spirits of the men were good, and they were always pleased to be in motion, even if it involved a skirmish with the enemy. At Stevenson's Depot and Berryville there was considerable fighting, with variable results; sometimes retreating, and sometimes advancing; but most generally the latter, as the enemy's forces were at that time usually small, and they not much disposed to make a stubborn fight.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

On the 19th of September the brigade was under arms at an early hour. About 10 o'clock A. M. line of battle was formed by three brigades of the division, Grimes (Rodes') on the

right, Cox in the center and Cooke on the left. Our command was on the left of the Winchester and Martinsburg road. soon engaged the enemy, who had approached near our position, and who after a short encounter gave way. Cox pressed him vigorously through an open field, while Grimes drove him through the woods, Cooke supporting our left. At this point General Rodes was killed, but the men did not observe the fact at the time. So they pressed on, driving everything before them, and captured a number of prisoners who had secreted themselves in a ditch. The brigade moved on to the crest of the ridge where Grimes had formed his line. Here General Evans' Brigade was driven back, leaving our left exposed. A battery was sent to our relief and the advance of the enemy checked at this point. Between 4 and 5 o'clock we fell back in good order, as the enemy had passed our left and threatened our rear. Line of battle was formed upon the crest of some hills, from which we advanced, again driving the enemy, but being outflanked, we had to retire again, which was done in good order. The whole army was now in retreat. Our division held the enemy in check until the greater part of our men had withdrawn, and then retreated in column for some distance, when the brigade formed line of battle and protected the artillery until night. We then continued the retreat until we came to Fisher's Hill. The Fourth Regiment was actively engaged with the brigade during this engagement and suffered considerably. Among the killed was the brave and devoted soldier, Lieutenant T. W. Stevenson, of Company C, and a number of our best men of the ranks.

This was a most disastrous day for the Confederacy. brave and gallant Rodes and many valuable officers and men were killed. The battle lasted nine hours, and the men were under arms for forty-eight hours, with but little chance for rest or rations. The command returned to Strasburg, from there to New Market, fighting much of the way, and keeping in good order. From Port Republic we marched to Weir's Cave, thence to Waynesboro, Mt. Sidney, Harrisonburg, and back again to New Market.

CEDAR CREEK.

Our next encounter with the enemy was at Cedar Creek. well planned flank movement, after marching all night, we attacked the enemy at daylight on the 19th of October, 1864. surprise was complete, and the enemy fled from his tents without arms, and many of the men in their night clothes. So completely were they demoralized that a whole division fled before our little brigade, having made but slight resistance. Some six thousand prisoners and much artillery and baggage were captured. 3 o'clock everything was ours. But between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. the enemy rallied under the direction of General Sheridan, who met the retreating columns about that time, turned them back, and wrested most of the fruits of the victory, except the prisoners, from our grasp. Ramseur, the brave successor of the gallant Rodes, was mortally wounded, and our command barely escaped being captured. As an evidence of the severity of this fight, there stands a marble shaft on the field with an inscription which states that it marks the place where the Eighth Vermont Regiment fought that day, and that of one hundred and sixtyfour men and sixteen officers they lost one hundred and ten men and thirteen officers killed and wounded. The loss of the Fourth Regiment in this fight was comparatively small, but among the number was the brave and gallant Lieutenant William Richard McNeely, of Company A, than whom a better soldier never drew a sword. Among the wounded was John A. Stikeleather, the faithful standard-bearer of the regiment, who soon recovered, however, and bore the colors of the Fourth Regiment until the surrender.

When Ramseur fell, General Grimes, our former Colonel, took command of the division, which he retained until the close of the war. This was a sad day for our cause. We were simply overpowered by numbers, the enemy having about five men to our one. As it was, our division held its own, or rather was victorious, until the troops on the left gave way about 4 o'clock

in the afternoon, and then it was compelled to retire, but retained its organization and saved the army from a complete rout.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

On this campaign occurred one of those most trying experiences to a soldier's nerves, namely, a night attack. It was known that the enemy was in the neighborhood. After night the men were ordered to lay aside everything that could make a noise, such as canteens, tin cups, pans, etc. At a late hour, when all was quiet, an order was passed down the line in a whisper to move slowly and stealthily forward. After going considerable distance and approaching near the enemy's line, some one stepped on a rail, or a pole, which broke with a loud report. every man fell with his face to the ground. A stream of fire blazed out along the enemy's line, and a shower of bullets whistled over their heads. The next instant the men were on their feet firing and yelling as they advanced. The lines were so near and the movement of our men so rapid that the Federals could not reload their guns, so they fled through the woods in the dark, and our men were glad to rest until morning.

On the 23d of November the command was marched from New Market to meet a heavy force of cavalry that approached Rood's Hill. After considerable fighting the enemy was routed and driven away. The ground was covered with snow, and the men suffered much from cold and exposure. On the 13th of December, 1864, the command went to Petersburg, where they spent the winter, sharing the dangers and hardships of the seige. On the 25th of March, 1865, General Grimes made an attack upon the enemy's works at Petersburg, capturing a number of prisoners and twelve pieces of artillery; but the Fourth Regiment did not participate in this affair, as the courier got lost in the dark and failed to deliver the orders to the officer in command. The 1st of April, 1865, the enemy attacked the line on our right and left, but did not molest our brigade. The fight at Fort Gregg was very fierce, and the men of our command saw the fall of that stronghold, but could afford no assistance, as their own front

would have been exposed had they left their position. On the 6th, Grimes' Division was covering Lee's retreat, when a determined stand was made at Sailor's Creek and the enemy held in check until both flanks of the division were turned by superior numbers, and the command was saved from capture by a rapid retreat. Grimes staid with his men until all were over the creek and the bridge destroyed, then plunging his horse, Warren, into the water, crossed over under a perfect storm of bullets and made his escape.

On the 7th of April Cox's Brigade, with two others, under General Grimes, formed line of battle and hurried to the relief of General Mahone, whose line was giving way before the enemy. A charge was made and the enemy driven back and a large number of prisoners captured. General Lee complimented the men in person for their gallantry on this occasion. On the 8th the men marched all day, hungry, tired and sore, but cheerful and brave. About 9 o'clock that night heavy firing was heard in front, when the men were ordered forward, and marched most of the night, passing through the town of Appomatox Court House before day, Sunday morning, the 9th, and engaged in the fight which occurred near that place. The enemy was repulsed and the men were withdrawn after driving the enemy from his position, and the division started to rejoin the main body of Gordon's Corps. General Grimes rode forward and asked General Gordon where he should form his men. The general answered, "Anywhere you please." Struck by this answer, Grimes asked for an explanation, when he was told that the army had been surrendered by General Lee.

I close this part of this sketch with the following quotation from an address delivered by Henry A. London, Esq., of Pittsboro. After telling how General Grimes had planned and carried out successfully the last fight made by any part of General Lee's army on the 9th of May at Appomattox Court House, and had driven the enemy away from General Lee's front, driving them for nearly a mile, he continues: "General Grimes then sent a messenger to General Gordon,

announcing his success, and that the road to Lynchburg was now open for the escape of the wagons. Then, to his great surprise, he received orders to retire, which he declined to do, thinking that General Gordon did not understand the commanding position held by him. General Gordon still continued to send orders to withdraw, which General Grimes continued to disregard, still thinking that General Gordon was in ignorance of his position, until finally an order came from General Lee himself, and then slowly and sullenly our men began to retrace their steps over the ground from which they had so successfully driven the enemy. This withdrawal was conducted in an orderly manner, although in the immediate front of a greatly superior force. At one time the enemy, with loud cheers, made a sudden rush as if to overwhelm our little band; but the brigade of General W. R. Cox (which was bringing up the rear) faced about, and with the steadiness of veterans on parade, poured such a sudden and deadly volley into the astonished Federals that they hastily retired in confusion. This was the last volley fired at Appomattox, and the last ever fired by the grand old Army of Northern Virginia."

SOME OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Colonel George B. Anderson has been spoken of. He was a remarkable man. He had a handsome figure, was a fine horseman; a splendid tactician; had a clear, musical voice; a mild blue gray eye; a fine golden beard, long and flowing, and a very commanding presence. His discipline was mild, but firm; and his courage and patriotism of the very highest order. He was a firm believer in God and a devout Churchman.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Augustus Young has also been mentioned. He was a gentleman of the olden type; a Christian of a high order, and a devoted patriot; kind and genial in his nature; and a devoted Southern man. If he had been permitted to remain with the regiment he would no doubt have proved himself a worthy successor to the peerless Anderson.

Colonel Bryan Grimes was a soldier of a very high order. His coolness and unwavering courage, as well as his judgment and skill, commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and he was widely known. He was a most conscientious, man, and a firm believer in the Gospel of Christ.

Colonel James H. Wood was cut down in the beginning of a most promising career. He was a true and faithful soldier. Cool, dashing and skillful. A man who feared God and eschewed evil. His loss was most deeply felt in the regiment. He was not quite twenty-four years old.

Major A. K. Simonton fell just in the beginning of the war. He was a prominent figure in the regiment, and gave promise of a most brilliant career. He was a soldier by nature, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Lieutenant-Colonel David M. Carter was a prominent lawyer before and after the war. He was a brave and sturdy soldier. Being permanently disabled by a wound received at Seven Pines, he was assigned to duty as Judge Advocate of the General Courtmartial, where he continued until the close of the war.

Captain F. Y. McNeely resigned early in the war on account of bad health. He was killed by the enemy in the raid that was made upon Salisbury at the close of the war.

Captain Jesse S. Barnes was killed at Seven Pines. He was a splendid young officer of great promise; a most intelligent, genial and promising man; a man of education, young and talented; a good soldier, and very highly esteemed in the regiment.

Captain William T. Marsh was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg. He was standing within two feet of the writer of this sketch when stricken. He was a man of education, intelligence and great force of character and a good soldier.

Major John W. Dunham was also a prominent character in the Fourth Regiment. He was a gallant soldier, and a man of unusual promise. His wound, received early in the war, disabled him for life, and finally, after untold suffering, caused his death.

Captain W. C. Coughenour was also a striking figure in the Fourth Regiment. He entered the service as First Lieutenant of

Company K, and was in all the engagements with the regiment but one; and was twice wounded. He was Brigade Inspector under Generals Ramseur and Cox, and in 1865, was made Inspector-General of Dearing's Cavalry Brigade, afterwards General Roberts' Brigade. As good and true a man as ever lived.

Major J. F. Stansill did good service in the Fourth Regiment. He was in most of the battles with the regiment, and was five times wounded. He was a man of courage and always at the post of duty.

Captain John B. Andrews was a man much beloved in the Fourth Regiment. As gentle and modest as a woman, yet a brave and faithful soldier. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, from which he died.

Captain John B. Forcum, of Company H, was one of the faithful men of the regiment. Seldom sick or wounded, he was always at his post, and was in command of the regiment at the surrender.

Conspicuous among the officers of the regiment were the members of the medical staff. Dr. J. K. King was a very striking man in person, character and ability. He soon resigned on account of bad health.

Chief Surgeon J. F. Shaffner, M. D., was a young man of splendid ability; a man of education and fine attainments, and always faithful to the important task committed to him.

Assistant Surgeon J. M. Hadley, M. D., was also a man of education, talent and ability, ever working in harmony with his chief.

Hospital Steward, Dr. J. W. Guffy, was also a most excellent man, and as fuithful to his duty as a man could be. The patient and untiring devotion of these gentlemen to the interest and welfare of the men of the regiment won for them the undying gratitude of us all.

Captain Thomas H. Blount and Captain John D. Hyman were Quartermaster and Commissary of the regiment. Both were men of education and ability. Though non-combatants, yet both volunteered as aids to General Anderson. The former was killed and the latter permanently disabled.

Captain W. G. Kelly commanded the regiment in the battle of Fredericksburg, after which he resigned, and his brother, Captain S. A. Kelly, was appointed in his place. The latter bravely led his company through many trying and bloody campaigns, and was for some time in command of the regiment. He was wounded and captured at Winchester in 1864.

Captain W. S. Barnes was for two years Adjutant of the regiment. But when Colonel Grimes was promoted he was made Captain and given a place on his staff, where he continued till the close of the war. All know how true and faithful he was.

No better man ever wore the gray than Captain Marcus Hofflin. He was transferred to light duty on account of lameness in his feet, after he had seen much hard service and suffered very much.

Captains C. S. Alexander, W. G. Falls and William McRorie were a splendid trio—school-mates of the writer. Alexander and Falls fell at Chancellorsville and McRorie at Spottsylvania. He fell within two feet of the writer, and expired without a groan.

Lieutenant W. R. McNeely, who fell at the battle of Cedar Creek, was one of Iredell county's heroes. He was senior officer on the left of the regiment when he fell, and his loss was a serious one to his command. He was a cool and skillful officer and a good man.

Lieutenants James Rufus Reid and Joseph C. White were two shining lights in the regiment. The former, though scarcely seventeen years old, a man in character, and much beloved by his seniors and subordinates, fell a victim to disease early in the war. The latter was killed at Seven Pines.

Lieutenants Watson, Cowan, Barber and Burke, of Company B, were all good men, and did their duties well while in the war.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Brown was a good soldier. He was transferred to the Forty-second Regiment and became its Major. Lieutenants F. A. Carlton and A. S. Fraley were good soldiers and an honor to the cause. W. K. Eliason was assigned

special duty and also J. A. Cowan. Captains W. A. Kerr and G. A. Andrews were most excellent men; both were delicate in constitution. The former resigned early in the war and the latter was permanently disabled by a wound and died soon after the war. Lieutenant J. Pink Cowan, of Company A, was a brave and gallant soldier. He was killed at Chancellorsville.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Perry, of Company E, was a most gallant soldier; a man of education and intelligence, and faithful to his duties. He was mortally wounded at Seven Pines.

Private William M. Durell, of Company K, was a good soldier. He was a Northern man, but devoted to the cause of the South, and fought through the war as a matter of principle.

Captain E. S. Marsh was a good soldier and a worthy successor of his brother, the gallant and devoted soldier, Captain William T. Marsh, who was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg. He was appointed Major of the regiment, permanently disabled by a wound, and put upon light duty.

Lieutenant Hamilton C. Long was wounded at Seven Pines, and resigned.

Lieutenant J. W. Shinn was a talented and noble soldier, delicate in health, but always at his post. He fell a prey to disease. Lieutenant John Z. Dalton resigned early in the war.

There was no better soldier and no stronger character in the regiment than Captain H. M. Warren, of Company F. W. O. Wootten, of the same company, was a good soldier. Also, Captain T. M. Allen, who was wounded and captured. He was a good soldier.

The writer remembers Lieutenants Creekman, Tuten, Bonner and Styron, of Company A, as good representative men of their section.

We were blessed in having two good and faithful men of God as chaplains. The first was the Rev. William A. Wood. He soon resigned on account of ill health, and was succeeded by the Rev. Robert B. Anderson. Both were men of ability and did good service in their holy calling.

The survivors of the Fourth Regiment will no doubt remem-

ber James Stinson and Mr. Bagley, the two faithful couriers, who were always conspicuous figures in time of battle.

John G. Young, the Sergeant-major of the regiment, was also a well known character in the regiment. He volunteered in 1863, when about sixteen years of age; was for a time drill-master, having been a cadet; was never sick, wounded, nor absent until the surrender. He asked leave to bring home the flag of the Fourth Regiment, but was not allowed to do so. Henry Severs was another brave Mecklenburg boy of about the same age. He was with General George B. Anderson when he was wounded, and assisted in helping that noble hero from the field of Sharpsburg.

Private Augustus Byers, of Company A, was a representative Southern man. A man of education and considerable means, he chose to serve as a soldier, and was killed near Chancellorsville, the 19th of May, 1864. He was a splendid man and a good soldier.

Many members of the regiment were transferred and given offices in other commands. Among the number were the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, J. McLeod Turner, of the Seventh North Carolina, and Major T. J. Brown, of the Forty-second North Carolina, before mentioned. Colonel H. C. Jones, of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, was at one time a member of Company K, though I believe this was before the Fourth Regiment was organized.

Lieutenants Lee, Parker, Stith, Stevens and Thompson, all of Company F, made good soldiers and received promotion.

Lieutenant T. M. C. Davidson, of Company A, was promoted from the ranks. He was a good soldier.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Stephenson, of Company C, was a fine specimen of a soldier. Always ready for duty, and never flinching from danger. The same may be said of J. A. S. Feimster and S. A. Claywell of the same company.

Captains Latham and Gallagher, of Company E, were good soldiers. The former was retired on account of wounds received in battle. The latter took his place in 1863, and served till the end of the war. Lieutenants Litchfield and Williamson sustained

themselves well as soldiers, and were highly esteemed in the regiment. Lieutenant Litchfield was killed in 1864, at or near Cold Harbor.

Captain I. H. Carter, of Company E, was a brave soldier. He was killed at Fredricksburg in 1863. Lieutenant Guffy, of Company G, was a first-rate man. Lieutenants Smith, Cain, Smoot and Jones, of the same company, all stood well.

Lieutenant Edward Tripp, of Company E, was a brave and faithful soldier, who had command of the company for quite a while, and was wounded and captured in 1864.

Lieutenants Kennedy, Summers and Stockton, of Company H, were good representative men of Iredell county. Lieutenant Summers was badly wounded at Chancellorsville while acting as Adjutant of the regiment, and forced to accept light duty during the balance of the war. Weaver, of the same company, died a glorious death at Sharpsburg, as has been told, and Stockton at Gettysburg.

Lieutenant A. N. Wiseman, of Company K, was a model soldier. As Orderly Sergeant of his company he had no superior, and as a commissioned officer he was all that could be desired. He received a mortal wound at Winchester in 1864. Captain C. A. Hunt, of Lexington, was with him in his last moments.

Captain M. L. Bean, also of Company K, was a true and gallant officer. He and A. C. Carter, of Company K, volunteered to make a bold *reconnaissance* at Gettysburg to ascertain the enemy's position, and saved the regiment from what might have been a fatal surprise, such as befell one of our brigades the same day.

Lieutenant E. J. Redding, of Company E, a bold and gallant youth, fell at the post of duty in the bloody conflict at Seven Pines.

Ben Allen Knox, Sergeant in Company B, was a gallant soldier, serving throughout the war with courage and fidelity.

In looking over the list of officers and men of the grand old regiment, the writer is reminded that it would take a volume to mention what might be said of hundreds whose names I would be happy to mention, who are equally as deserving as those I have named. A few have been selected here and there as representative men among the others. A list of the privates if it could be printed with this sketch would be a memorial of as brave and true men as the world has ever known.

The survivors of the Fourth Regiment will no doubt remember three figures that would not be out of place in a complete picture of the regiment, and will, therefore, permit me to mention Colonel Grimes' negro boy, Polk, Captain Carter's man, Jim, and the writer's boy, Gus: Polk, the typical mulatto, Gus, the ignorant, but loyal African, and Jim, the devoted and faithful slave.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

It is a grateful privilege to mention the great kindness bestowed upon the members of the Fourth Regiment, as well as upon the Confederate soldiers generally, by the people of Virginia during the war. Their hospitality and kindness were unceasing and almost unbounded. Conspicuous among those with whom we came in contact was Mr. George S. Palmer, of Richmond. His name is a synonym for all that is generous, kind and hospitable. The writer was a partaker of his kindness, and that of his noble wife and daughters on many occasions—once when sick, and three times when wounded. The writer also remembers one occasion when there were some eighteen wounded officers of the Fourth Regiment in the house of Mr. Palmer. This was just after the battle of Seven Pines. He was a man of ample means, his heart and soul were in the cause of the South, and it was his delight to spend and be spent for that cause.

On the 20th of May, 1864, the writer having been wounded the day before, was placed in an ambulance with Colonel F. M. Parker, of the Thirtieth Regiment, a most gallant and faithful soldier, who also had been wounded and was very weak. Captain Fred. Philips, since Judge Philips, of Tarboro, had charge of the wagon train, and took the best of care of us as we were conveyed towards Richmond with the other wounded men. The day was hot and we were parched with fever and thirst; but he supplied us from time to time with refreshing draughts of buttermilk and ice which the good people of the country gave him. It was served in a horse-bucket; but never was sweeter or more refreshing draughts served, nor men more grateful than we were.

In one of the fights in the Valley campaign of 1864, private McCanless, a gallant member of Company K, was captured by a Federal soldier, who was marching him through the woods, when they came upon another man of the same company, who was separated from his command, and making his way back as fast as he could run. "Halt!" shouted the Federalist; but instead of halting the man increased his speed. "Halt!! Halt!!!" shouted the Union soldier again, and bang went his gun. But his aim was bad, and the man escaped. "Now," said McCanless, "you may help yourself; I, too, am going back," and with that he departed through the woods, leaving his captor standing with his empty gun in his hand, and made his escape.

On the 19th of May, 1864, as we were preparing to attack the enemy's flank and rear, General Ramseur sent Captain Jenkins, of the Fourteenth Regiment, to capture what was supposed to be a squad of pickets. The Captain divided his squad of sharpshooters in order to make a dash from opposite sides upon an old house where the supposed pickets were thought to be. At the signal agreed upon the men rushed upon the house, but instead of a few pickets a whole regiment of Federals rose up and fired upon the Captain's little band. The Captain, of course, beat a hasty retreat, and joined the command; and soon the whole line was engaged. General Ewell had his horse killed in this engagement. It fell on the General's wooden leg, pinning him to the ground. G. D. Snuggs, of Company K, and Sergeant Barnett, of Company H, assisted in extricating the General from his difficulty. As soon as he was relieved he called, out: "Men, are we driving them? Are we driving them?"

In passing through Lexington, Va., on the 21st of June, 1864, General Rodes directed Colonel Wood, of the Fourth Regiment, to lead the column with his regimental band playing a funeral march as they passed by the grave of Stonewall Jackson. It was a very impressive scene as the brave old veterans of so many battles filed slowly and sadly by the last resting-place of their departed hero.

On the retreat from Fisher's Hill, the 22d of September, 1864, where Ewell's forces were badly demoralized, and the loss of the whole command seemed imminent, General Ramseur called on his old brigade to hold the enemy in check and protect the retreating Confederates. General Cox, who was in command, did this in splendid style, held the enemy in check until night, and then continued the retreat up the Valley. This retreat was made in two lines of battle, parallel with each other, some half mile apart, in which order General Ewell moved his entire corps all the next day, stopping occasionally to offer battle when the enemy approached too near.

On the 9th of April, General Grimes had been fighting the enemy with his division up to the very hour of the surrender, and some say until it had actually taken place; and the Fourth and Fourteenth Regiments were the last of his division that were engaged, so the men of these regiments say.

At Gettysburg, when we started to make the night attack, Colonel Grimes, who could not see very well at night, sent for Corporal Friedheim, of Company K, to guide him and be with him in that trying ordeal. He knew full well that he could trust this man; for there was no braver or truer soldier in the army than A. Friedheim.

General Grimes told the writer of one of his men who, on the 9th, hearing something said about General Lee's surrender, came to him and asked if the report was true. "Yes," said the General, "it is, I am sorry to say, too true." Whereupon the poor fellow burst into tears, and cried out: "Blow, Gabriel, blow, I do not want to live another day."

Another one, a member of Company K, Fourth Regiment,

whose name I cannot remember, set his gun down at the surrender with a sigh, saying: "Sit there, Betsy, you've made many of them bite the dust."

At Seven Pines the writer was shot through the thigh. While lying on the field a Federal soldier came along with his gun. As he approached near where the writer lay he covered him with his pistol and ordered him to halt, throw down his gun and come to him. The soldier obeyed, and was made to assist him from the field. In the same battle the writer saw a Confederate soldier get into a panic and run with all his might to the rear, but recovering his self-possession, he returned to the line as rapidly as he had fled, and went on through the battle; he was never known to flinch after this, and was, after going through many battles, killed in an act of conspicuous bravery. He did not know that the writer saw him, nor was he ever told that any one saw him.

In the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, on the 12th of May, 1864, private Thomas Sprinkle, of Company H, was detailed to furnish the men with ammunition during the fight. This was a peculiarly dangerous duty at any time, but never more so than in this fight, as the approach to the line from the rear was through a perfect storm of bullets aimed at the men behind the fortifications. But for hours the brave boy with ruddy, beardless face, continued to bring the needed supplies, but late in the afternoon he failed to reach the line, and was never seen again. Walker Anderson, the Ordnance Officer of the brigade, was killed the same day. It was at this battle that several trees, from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter, were shot until they fell, cut down with minnie-balls. They stood at the angle of the breastworks, and were in full range of the enemy's fire from front and both flanks.

At Gettysburg, as we entered the town after the enemy retired from our front, Lieutenant Harney, of the Fourteenth Regiment, was carried to the rear mortally wounded. Passing within a few feet of the writer, he displayed a Union flag which he had captured on the heights, where he had gone with the sharp-shooters He entreated that the troops would advance and capture the heights, as the enemy was in utter confusion and helpless. His dying request was that the banner should be sent to President Davis. Lieutenant Harney was a splendid soldier, had seen service in the war with Mexico, and was devoted to the cause of the South.

In the heavy skirmish which took place near Spottsylvania Court House on the 8th of May, 1864, the regiment advanced upon the enemy about sundown and threw them into complete disorder. We pushed on until dark, when we were compelled to halt, as we could not distinguish friends from foes. Private Heilig, of Company K, captured a Federal colonel and brought him out. The colonel showed fight, but was induced to submit. Colonel Grimes gave Heilig the colonel's pistol as a reward for his courage. Poor fellow, he was not permitted to enjoy his prize but a little while, as he was killed on the 12th.

When the enemy surprised and broke the line of General Doles on our right on the 10th of May, 1864, Major Hardaway, of Alabama, stood his ground, serving one of his guns himself until the enemy reached the breastworks. One of them mounted the gun the Major was serving, and waved his hat with a triumphant shout; but the Major knocked him off with his sword and sullenly retired with his face to the foe, until Battle's Alabamians and the Fourth North Carolina came to the rescue. He went back with the infantry and was the first to reach the line, and opened fire on the retreating foe. The writer saw him a few minutes later, and his hat and clothes were riddled with bullets. He was a grand man.

A notable experience with the regiment was the march from Port Royal to Fredericksburg just before the battle in December, 1862. The weather was very cold, snow was on the ground and the roads one continuous slush from six to twelve inches deep, and blocked with wagons and artillery. The night was pitch-dark, there being neither moon nor stars, and the march continued all night long. The men were compelled to remain on their feet most of the time, as there were few places to rest

upon for the mud; sometimes marching a few rods, or a few hundred yards, and then waiting fifteen, twenty or thirty minutes on account of the blocking of the roads by the stalling of teams and wagons in front.

During the skirmish on the 11th of May, 1864, near Spottsylvania Court House, Sergeant Houlshouser, of Company K, was sitting with his back against a good sized tree, our part of the line not being then engaged, when a cannon-ball struck the opposite side of the tree, killing him instantly by the shock.

On the 5th of May, 1864, as General Rodes' Division was moving in line of battle so near the enemy as at one time to compel Ramseur's Brigade to take position in rear of the main line to avoid exposure to the enemy's fire, General Ramseur remonstrated with General Rodes on account of being placed in the rear. General Rodes told him in a jocular way that if he "would move those Yankees away from there he could place his brigade in line." Whereupon General Ramseur deployed his men and made a rush through the woods, firing and yelling, and soon cleared the woods of the enemy's sharp-shooters; when he put his brigade in position on the left. It should be borne in mind, however, that the enemy had all they could attend to in another part of the field at that time.

In the winter of 1863 many of the men had no shoes and were suffering much from cold as the troops were on the march. General Hill ordered that every man who had no shoes should be provided with raw hide moccasins. Some of the men complied with the order, but soon found they were of no use for when the sun came out they became too hard, and when the ground was wet they could not keep them on their feet.

When James Bowers, of Company K, fell at Seven Pines with the flag of the regiment in his hand, he said to a comrade: "Tell Mr. Bruner (the man with whom he had lived) that I died with my face to the enemy."

THE LAST SCENE OF THE WAR.

The Fourth Regiment was on the right of the brigade at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865, and was the first in the

brigade to stack arms. When this was done General Grimes called them to "attention" for the last time, and had them to file past him in order that he might shake hands with each man, and as he did so, with streaming eyes and faltering voice, he said: "Go home, boys, and act like men, as you have always done during the war."

CONCLUSION.

I have endeavored to give a faithful sketch of this grand body of men; but I am painfully aware of having failed to do the subject justice. Thirty-five years of labor and toil have effaced many important incidents from a mind constantly crowded with the cares and duties of official and ministerial life. Besides, I have been compelled to write in the midst of many pressing cares and labors, and to procure my facts from other sources of information than my own, not having kept a record of the events as they occurred. And here I wish to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to Captain John A. Stikeleather, the Rev. W. A. Wood, D. D., and Mr. Pulaski Cowper in the letters of General Grimes. edited by him; to Mr. Nathanal Raymer, a member of the band of the Fourth Regiment, who sent me his letters written during the war under the signature of "Nat," in The Statesville American; for the notes kept by Dr. Shinn, of Company B, and the note-book of Mr. E. B. Stinson of the band of the Fourth Regiment. Also, for many items of interest by Mr. G. D. Snuggs, a gallant member of the Fourth Regiment, and a splendid member of the corps of sharp-shooters. And last, but by no means least, for very valuable information furnished by Captain W. C. Coughenour, Dr. J. F. Shaffner and Captain M. L. Bean. I have also received valuable items from Captain H. M. Warren and Sergeant-major John Graham Young, R. O. Leinster, Dr. J. C. Hadley, Mr. Henry C. Severs, Captain S. A. Kelley, Major Stansill and others, for all of which I am very grateful.

In looking over the history of the Fourth Regiment the writer is reminded of many facts that throw light upon the history and character of the organization. A marked characteristic of our men

was their sobriety and piety. The writer does not recall a half dozen instances of drunkenness in the regiment during the war, and but few of gross profanity or immorality. They were a pious and orderly set of men. The camps often resounded with hymns and songs. Among the latter "Annie Laurie" was a great favorite; also "Dixie," and "My Old Cabin Home." Prayers were conducted in many of the tents, and religions services were well attended. Profanity amongst the officers was seldom heard. Colonel Anderson's example and influence in this respect was very marked; also that of Lieutenant-Colonel Young, and Major Grimes, though of a quick and fiery temper, was careful never to take the Holy Name in vain. They were all God-fearing men, and not given to loose talking nor drink. The writer never heard any conversation at headquarters that would have offended the most modest and religious feelings. The company officers were generally of high moral character, and many of them were Christian men whose influence was felt among their rank and file. In fact they only represented the men of the ranks, from whence E. A. OSBORNE. they had been taken.

Charlotte, N. C., April 9, 1900.